

now there's the division of the estate.
there seem to be many Picassos.
it will go to court, probably.
75 million dollars.

I like to think of how he worked with the brush,
doing it. wet paint, canvas, whatever.
light. him standing there.
the process unwinding and smoking.
there's light and air and smell and the
idea, the smell of the
idea. and something to
eat. and there's a clock there.
don't eat the clock, Pablo. the clock will be
along. it came
along.

the man leaves and his work
remains.
but to me
it's much more splendid when both
the man and the work are
about. yes, I know, I
know. 75 million dollars.

well, Picasso's gone.

immortality and fame are sometimes
different things. Pablo had fame,
now he has the other.

I think of Henry Miller walking up and down
the floor at Pacific Palisades and
waiting.

we're all such good tough creative boys,
why do they let us
die? 75 million dollars.

some picnic

which reminds me
I shacked with Jane for 7 years
she was a drunk
I loved her

my parents hated her
I hated my parents
it made a nice
foursome

one day we went on a picnic
together
up in the hills
and we played cards and drank beer and
ate potato salad and weenies

they talked to her as if she were a living person
at last

everybody laughed
I didn't laugh.

later at my place
over the whiskey
I said to her,
I don't like them
but it's good they treated you
nice.

you damn fool, she said,
don't you see?

see what?

they kept looking at my beer-belly,
they think I'm
pregnant.

oh, I said, well here's to our beautiful
child.

here's to our beautiful child,
she said.

we drank them down.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

Debt

I borrowed \$65.00
from Bukowski today
bet it on a leadass horse
which didn't show
and I had to borrow \$5.00 more
to eat and feed my kids
and that doesn't count
the \$140.00 I borrowed